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Poetry.

WHEN THE TIDE GOES OUT.

Through the weary day on his couch he lay,
With the life tide ebbing slow away,
And the dew on his cold brow gathering fast,
As the pendulum numbered moments passed;
And I heard a voice whispering say,
"When the tide goes out he will pass away."
Pray for a soul's serene release!
That the weary spirit may rest in peace.
When the tide goes out.

When the tide goes out from the sea-girl lands,
It bears strange freight from the gleaming sands.
The white-winged ships that silent wait,
For the heaving wave, and a wind that's late;
The treasures cast on a rocky shore,
From the stranded shells that shall sail no more;
And hopes that follow the shining seas,
Oh! the ocean wide shall win all these
When the tide goes out.

But of all that drift from the shore to the sea,
Is the human soul to Eternity;
Floating away from a silent shore,
Like a faded ship to return no more;
Saddest, most solemn of all, a soul,
Pausing where unknown waters roll,
Where shall the surging current tend,
Slowly drifting friend from friend,
When the tide goes out!

For our parting spirit, pray, oh! pray,
While the tide of life is ebbing away,
That the soul may pass o'er summer seas
Than clasped of old the Hesperides.
A bark whose sails by angel hands
Shall be furled on a strand of golden sands;
And the friends that stand on a silent shore,
Knowing that we shall return no more,
Shall wish us joy of a voyage fair,
With calm sweet skies and a favoring air,
When the tide goes out.

Agricultural.

Advice to Farmers' Wives and Daughters.

Take out-door exercise; work in the garden; hunt hen's eggs; walk to the woods for wild flowers; visit your neighbors—anything for fresh air.

House-work is undoubtedly good for the health; but the hoe and the rake are better still. Do not fear cold winds or hot suns for your complexion. Wear gloves and wide-brimmed hats, and having done your best for the protection of your good looks, work away cheerfully. The flowers which you will gather in July and through the rest of the season, will amply repay you for a good many freckles, some sunburn, and not a little tan.

If there is no one to make a garden for you, make one for yourself. If a woman is really in earnest, the men around her must be very stubborn if she can not induce them to spend a few hours in helping her in anything she undertakes.

It is too late now for very early peas, but not too late for marrowfat, tomatoes, radishes, celery, cauliflowers, and many other summer vegetables. Sow them and hoe them yourself, and you will be astonished to find how good they will be when they come to the table.

Almost all the annuals will grow finely if the seeds are sown now; and if the soil is fine and soft, and the seeds are not put in too deep, you can not fail to succeed. Any earth can be made fine enough by working it over carefully, and then as soon as the plants appear hoe them quite often to kill the weeds and to keep the earth loose around them. All this requires labor, but then the labor soon becomes a pleasure; and perhaps, too, you may become as healthy as your grandmothers. Learn to prune and tie up grape-vines. It is light and pleasant work, and is too often neglected.

When the in-door work is not too hard, the women on a farm at this season have more leisure than the men; and as they also have a greater love of order, to them naturally falls all the little matters which are generally considered non-essentials. Much may be done without causing too much fatigue, not only for ornamentation, but also for real comfort.

Good fruit and fresh vegetables are not to be despised, even by the most practical, and a few flowers will be forgiven for their sakes.

If you will not try working in the garden, go out into the woods, gather wild flowers, learn their names, their habits, and their haunts—Make a collection of mosses and lichens, and learn something of the wealth of beauty which Nature has showered around you. Learn to appreciate the pleasures which are near, and so cease to long for those beyond your reach. What is more glorious and inspiring than the woods in the early spring, with the soft carpet of fallen leaves, the sweet fragrance of the pine and the bursting buds, the sunlight dancing into the shaded nooks and showing the shy wild flowers which are nestling there? You may object that wet feet and bedraggled gowns are allies to such pleasure. But India-rubber boots are easily procured, and a balsamated one has, and with these mud and water are but trifles.

Unasked advice is proverbially thrown away; but then every one gives it, and now and then it is good seed sown on good ground.—H. T. in *Genesee Farmer*.

Keep Good Cows.—Our farmers keep too many poor cows. It costs no more to keep a cow that will average nine or ten quarts of milk per day than it does to keep one that will average only six or seven. The difference between these two products will amount to a handsome sum annually. Now, when beef is so high, it seems a good time for our readers to sell off their poor cows and fill their places with better milkers. They may rest assured that the true economy consists in keeping only good cows, as these will soon pay their extra

first cost, and ever after prove a better investment.

FEEDING WORKING OXEN AND HORSES.—It is said that carbon is the base of all animal oils, fat, &c., while nitrogen forms the base of the muscular part of men and animals. The farmer may gather a useful hint from this chemical fact. In feeding vegetable fibre, like hay and grass, which yields largely of carbon, animals will readily take on fat, and increase in bulk; but in feeding grain, which contains a much larger proportion of nitrogen, animals will have more power and endurance. The farmer who expects his horses and oxen to work well, and to wear in work, must therefore give them a portion of grain. Flesh made from grain is firmer, and much more enduring, than that made from grass or hay. Farmers will do well to remember this the present spring.

PROTECT YOUR TREES.—The Ohio Farmer says that coal oil has been found, by accident, to be a most effective means of protecting fruit trees against ravages of the curculio, by placing sawdust, saturated with oil, at the foot of the tree.

Miscellaneous.

Persecutions of Union Men.

Edmund Kirke, author of "Among the Pines," in a recent work relates an incident of the enormity of the traitors who were then in possession of the most of Kentucky. As our army advanced southward, refugees from under rebel rule often came to our lines, and he mentions the following incident of an old man who escaped and came to our lines with his two "mars" and his wife. Soon after arriving the narrator made his acquaintance, and among other things asked him what he proposed to do now that he had escaped the rebel clutches?

"I've given into the army now; but I must sell my mars fast. D'y' know what Gov'nment 'll pay for a right smart chunk uv a mar?"

"A hundred and five dollars, I believe, is the regular price."

"Tain't 'nuff fur mine. They's powerful good brutes, an' I must git more'n that, case my 'ooman 'll hev nothin' else, an' she's sickly like."

"But if you go into the army you can save some of your pay for her."

"No, I karn't. I'll be shot—I feel hit—I've made up my mind ter hit." As he said this, he seated himself in the chair I had offered him, and stared at me with a wilder, crazier look. I saw that some terrible calamity had unsettled his intellect, and I said, in a sympathizing tone:

"You're not well: you're not fit to go into the army now."

"Yes, I is, Sir. I kin fight as hard as any man y' knows. I's a little gin out jest now, 'case I've rid nigh onto a hundred an' fifty mile, an' he'd ter tote my 'ooman a powerful piece of the way."

"Where have you come from?"

"Clay county, nigh on ter Manchester. I lived there. I've plumb from there this evenin'."

"And you were driven away?"

"Yes, Sir; drove away—robbed—house-burned—everything burned, an' my ole mother—killed—killed! Killed!" He bent down his head while he spoke, and as he repeated the last words they seemed to well nigh strangle him.

"It can't be possible!" I exclaimed; "human beings do not do such things!"

"But they ha'n't human bein's—they's fen's—devils from hell—from hell, Sir."

"I know their passions are roused, but I did not suppose they murdered women."

"They does, Sir. I'll tell ye 'bout hit." And grasping one arm of my chair, and leaning forward with his blazing, unsteady eye looking into mine, he told me the following story:

"'Bout a mile from whar I b'long there lived a ole man by the name of Begley—Squire Begley we called him, though he didn't own no slaves. He was nigh on ter seventy, but was a right peart ole gentleman, an' Union ter the core. Two on his boys, Sam an' John, is in the army now—St'ly loyal Kaintuck. Wal, 'bout a fortnight gone, on the mornin' uv the fifteenth uv April, three men, dressed in Union clo'es, comes ter the ole gentleman's house, an' 'telled him they were round raisin' a company ter put down the Rebs that was poreing into the county. The ole man was mighty pleased, an' I reckon he was unprepared in his talk; fur when they'd drawn him out, they telled him they were really Secesh soldiers. Then he ordered 'em ter leave, but they trotted him, and dragged him off ter the edge of a branch, 'bout half a mile away, and thar hung him ter the limb uv a tree. A ole niggit was passin' 'long the road heerd the ole Squire's cries as he begged 'em fer mercy on his gray hairs, an' knowin' I was ter home, he put fur my house, and telled me to. I axed him ter tote my two mars ter the bush, fur I knowed thar was more on 'em round, an' feared they'd be arter the nags, and then I put off ter save the ole man. I was too late. He was dead, an' the infernal devils he'd got nigh back ter his house, meanin' to steal his slaves an' what plunder he had that could be toted. I follered 'em, an' as soon as I come in distance, I dropped one on 'em. Then me an' another tuk ahint trees, an' blazed away ter one another fur more'n a hour. I winged one, but I got a ball yere," showing an ugly wound in his shoulder. "Arter a while six more on 'em rid up the road an' come at me. I seed it warn't no use, so I put fur the thick timber, an' finally, seeing they couldn't ketch me, they gav up the chase. I knowed 'twouldn't do ter go in sight uv home, so I made a long spell round, ahint a hill, an' put fur the bushes whar I thort the ole darkey'd be with the mars. He'd got ter be nigh out dark, an' I'd growed powerful weak, on 'count uv the blood I'd let, so I sot down an' tried to stop it. I hearn 'em schra' thar 'fore I thort I seed my own wife. She'd jest lost her baby, an' he'd been out uv bed fur nigh a month, but she'd come six mile through the brush arter me. She couldn't speak, but she brung me a short piece from ahint the hill, an' showed

me my house an' barn—all I hed in the world—a heap uv black an' ashes! They'd burned 'em, an' 'drum my sick wife, an' my ole mother, who'd been bed-ridden for more'n two year, out uv doors!"

He paused for a moment, and then in a slow, broken voice added:—"Thet night she died. Died—thar—in the dark, an' the cold—nothin' under her but the yerth—nothin' over her but hay and grass, which yields largely of carbon, animals will readily take on fat, and increase in bulk; but in feeding grain, which contains a much larger proportion of nitrogen, animals will have more power and endurance. The farmer who expects his horses and oxen to work well, and to wear in work, must therefore give them a portion of grain. Flesh made from grain is firmer, and much more enduring, than that made from grass or hay. Farmers will do well to remember this the present spring."

The next day the ole darkey buried her. I couldn't be thar. They war huntin' me like a wild beast. For more'n a week, me an' my sick wife lay out in the woods; but we're yere now, an' all I ask is ter sell my mars, an' git my 'ooman ter a safe place, an' then I'll giv 'em—what they's givin' me!"

From various sources I afterward received confirmation of the native's story; but it need not none; for in the fierce passion which blazed in his eyes, and lit up his haggard face, there was nothing but truth.

Destruction of Forests.

The most notable and serious modifications effected by man's agency, are those caused by the destruction of forests. The cutting away of wood not only changes the appearance of the landscape, and the character of the spot laid under the axe; when practised to a large extent, its effects extend to great distances—perhaps, over the whole continent, and almost revolutionize climates, soils, and surfaces.

The forest retards evaporation, and offers an effectual barrier to the wind. Its porous soil and still more porous accumulation of vegetable debris, absorb and retain the moisture, and its tangled masses of sticks and roots restrain the fury of torrents, and prevent the devastation they might otherwise occasion. From these circumstances, it is free from the extremes of summer and winter temperature; it acts as a constant condenser of moisture in the atmosphere, and promotes frequent and copious showers. When the forests are taken away, these conservative elements go with them. The order and character of the seasons are disturbed; they become more uncertain, the lines that divide them become less distinct. Noah Webster observed this fact in America even before the commencement of the present century. Said he, in 1779:

"When the forest is gone, the great reservoir of moisture stored up in its vegetable mould is evaporated, and returns only in deluges of rain to wash away the parched dust into which that mould has been converted. The well-wooded and humid hills are turned to ridges of dry rock, which encumbers the low grounds and chokes the water-courses with its debris, and—except in countries favored with an equable distribution of rain through the seasons, and a moderate and regular inclination of surface—the whole earth, unless rescued by human art from the physical degradation to which it tends, becomes an assemblage of bald mountains, of barren, turfless hills, and of swampy and malarious plains. There are parts of Asia Minor, of Northern Africa, of Greece, and even of Alpine Europe, where the operation of causes set in action by man has brought the face of the earth to a desolation almost as complete as that of the moon; and though, within that brief space of time which we call 'the historical period,' they are known to have been covered with luxuriant woods, verdant pastures, and fertile meadows, they are now too far deteriorated to be reclaimable by man, nor can they become again fitted for human use, except through great geological changes, or other mysterious influences or agencies of which we have no present knowledge, and over which we have no prospective control."

He foresees "that a desolation, like that which has overwhelmed many once beautiful and fertile regions of Europe, awaits an important part of the territory of the United States and of other comparatively new countries over which European civilization is now extending. Its way, unless prompt measures are taken to check the action of the destructive causes already in operation."—*Man and Nature* by G. P. Marsh.

A HOSPITAL SCENE.—A correspondent of the N. Y. World thus affecting describes a scene in one of the field hospitals near Spottsylvania battle-field, after the battle of Sunday, May 8:

"In one corner of a hospital tent, as in many others that night, lay a dying man—a lieutenant in one of the Massachusetts regiments engaged during the afternoon. Type of a thin, sad officer, who, like him, have been thus stricken and have thus died, his last moments demanded the hush and pause rendered by all feet and voices in that tent. His face, turned away from the battle-field, looked towards the North. A handsome, noble face it was, shadowed by dark hair and saddened by the droop of a dark moustache. His breast was bare; a bandage was drawn across it, covering a wound, the pain of which disturbed him no more. He lay quietly breathing, as if asleep. He was not asleep, however, for presently, as two or three standing by began to say among themselves that it would soon be over, he put a pale hand that trembled like an aspen down beneath his shirt upon the other side, and drew forth what might have been expected, a dull soiled velvet anamorphic case, which he held a few moments, without attempting to open. One who stood there felt instinctively that the dying man wished but could not ask him to stoop over where he lay. That one bent to hear a faint, broken whisper, beseeching him to take the velvet case and find the one who wore the face within it, and give it back with the blessing of a lover."

It would have been well, perhaps, had the one who thus accepted this trust unclasped the case before the hand from which he took it had grown quite cold and motionless. Else, having looked, he might have whispered into the dull ear of the dying lieutenant promise of a surer and speedier meeting with the girl he loved than he could have had but for this day's dark fate. For it happened that he, the living, knew that she too had died and awaited somewhere the coming of what had just departed."

Gray's L. C. G., like an Indian's, is much read.

How a Man is Pursued by an Unknown Fiend.

The Detroit Free Press tells the following marvellous story of a gentleman, high in position and happy in all his social relations, who lives in a western Michigan village:

For more than twelve months past he has been the victim of some fiend, who pursues him with a deadly hate, and evidently only seeks a favorable opportunity to take his life. Scarcely a day passes that he does not find in or about his house upon arising in the morning a letter full of invective, declaring the intention of the writer to murder him so soon as an opportunity shall offer. These letters are found usually at the front door. They are evidently written by an illiterate person, unless disguised, and by a desperate character, and are full of bitter oaths and vulgarity. They are always written by the same person, and bear the traces of a mind scarcely human. Satan himself could not conceive of anything more deliberately fiendish and diabolical than these epistolary effusions.

What adds not a little to the marvellousness of this affair is the fact that all efforts to discover the author of the mischief have thus far proved entirely fruitless. This phantom, "bird or devil," that is pursuing the man, in addition to his malignancy, seems to be possessed of all the artifice and cunning attributed to the evil one in his methods of concealment. A guard has been stationed around the house, or rather concealed about the lawn and in the shrubbery adjoining the house for weeks at a time, and invariably there would be found the next morning a letter from the same mysterious individual, dropped on the veranda, shoved in at the parlor window, and in some instances placed in the interior room of the house. On such occasions the letter will describe minutely all the efforts made at detection, in many instances giving the names of the parties, even telling where he was concealed during the night, laughing with demoniac glee at their efforts at discovery, and declaring that his time for revenge has not yet come, but that no amount of vigilance can drive him from his deliberate and set purpose to take the life of his enemy.

On one occasion, the gentleman's wife and her brother remained during the night under the floor of the porch for the purpose of detecting, if possible, the being who was the author of all this mischief. Nothing unusual, however, was noticed; but the next morning at the front door the inevitable letter was found, the writer even going so far as to declare he was under the portico at the time and knew all about their attempts at discovery! On another occasion the gentleman was returning from a neighbor's house, accompanied by his wife, (the gentleman has not gone out with his wife for twelve months after dark unless accompanied by female members of his family, or by a guard well armed), when the next morning another letter was found declaring that the intention at the time to shoot him, but fearing that he might do some injury to his wife and daughter, he was induced to desist. No reason is assigned for this persistent attempt to take the man's life. Of course it is natural to suppose that it is the work of some convict of the Penitentiary, who fancies that he has been wronged by this gentleman in the discharge of official duty in years gone by.

A Word or Two for the Boys.

How to raise pocket money, is a hard question for a great many farmers' sons to solve. True some may have but little trouble to get it, providing their parents are wealthy; but to this class I shall not speak. To such boys as like to earn what they spend, and have a desire to become farmers, I will present a plan by which both these ends may be attained to a more or less degree.

In the first place it will be necessary to have a small piece of ground, on the farm of course, to those who cannot get that my plan will not be feasible. After having got your land, your spare moments may be employed upon it. I suppose most boys would know what to plant; but still a few hints from one who has tried it, may not be out of place. If you are near a ready market, I would suggest early vegetables, such as peas, string beans, beets, early potatoes, &c.; and to those that were at a distance from any such market, pea corn might be raised to advantage, or white bush beans, as they always command a good price, if a good article; still a good deal would depend on the nature of the land, and what was most in demand in either case. After planting, do not keep that your work is done till harvesting; but keep the ground mellow, hoe your crops as often as you can; do not let a weed be seen, for all that goes to nourish the weed will be taken from your pocket. It will take you but a few moments a day to hoe it over, if you do not have too much ground, which would be worse than having none, for you will find that a little ground well tilled is a great deal better than a good deal left to take care of itself, or only half taken care of.

Another thing you will find to be of great use to you as well as a pleasant pastime, and that is to have a blank book, in a part of which you should set down the time of planting, the kinds of manure used, and which gave the best satisfaction; how your crops stood the drought or wet weather, as the case might be; and in fact anything that you might think it would benefit you to know in a succeeding year. In another part of my book I would keep an account with my land, charging it with the manure, seed and labor, and giving it credit for its produce. In this way you can see at a glance what crops pay the best and what manure will produce the largest crops. In keeping your book for a few years, you will derive much pleasure in looking back at your first beginning to farm for yourself.

If for the first year or two your pocket-money does not equal your expectation, you must not be discouraged, but remember that what does not go into your pocket goes into your head in the shape of experience, which will be of great use to you in future years. Let those who can, try this; it will cost them nothing if they are living on farms, for all the work may be done at noon, nights, and early in the morning. It will not only be a source of pleasure to them, but also of profit.—*Gen. Telegraph*.

Shakespeare among the Prophets.

Punch tells us of a man who went away in great disgust after having seen Hamlet acted for the first time, saying that it was all made up of old quotations. But the great poet's plays are not worn threadbare quite yet, and he that walks quietly through life, not "he that runs," may as he reads discover new beauties, new excellencies, and new passages to be quoted.

Richard III. seems just now most fruitful, in the latter respect, while the campaign in Virginia continues. Observe the clear prophecy,—"the manifest blessing on General Grant contained in

"Go then to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee!" Richard III., Act 5, scene 1.

Two appropriate quotations are also furnished for the day after Grant takes the capital, and we trust loyal men may have occasion to use them:—

"But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?" "Good morrow, Richmond!" Act 5, scene 3.

A line in act 5, scene 3, of the same play may be well applied to a copperhead

"Who prays continually for Richmond's good." Imagine one of our whisky-bibbing generals, of whom we hear heaven knows are but few left in the service now,—with a nose like Bar-

dolph's, and a demijohn at his saddle bow, reining up his steed on the top of a hill near the rebel capital and with a puzzled air hiccupping out:—

"I think there be [sic] six Richmonds in the field." Act 5, scene 4.

Of how many a hero of these last months could we say:—

"His horse is slain and all on foot he fights, Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death." Act 5, scene 4.

And last comes the war-ory.

"God and St. George! Richmond and Victory!" Act 5, scene 3.

FASHIONABLE WOMEN.—Fashion kills more women than toll and sorrow. Obedience to fashion is a greater transgression of the laws of woman's nature, a greater injury to her physical and mental constitution, than the hardships of poverty and neglect. The slave woman at her task will live and grow old, and see two or three generations of her mistresses fade and pass away. The washer-woman, with scarce a ray of hope to cheer her in her toils, will live to see her fashionable sisters all die around her. The kitchen maid is hearty and strong, when her lady has to be nursed like a sick baby.

It is a sad truth that fashion pampered women are almost worthless for all the good ends of human life. They have but little force of character; they have still less power of moral will, and quite as little physical energy. They live for no great purpose in life; they accomplish no worthy ones. "They are only dolls in the hands of milliners and servants, to be dressed and fed to order. They dress nobody; they feed nobody; they instruct nobody; they write no books; they set no rich example of virtue and womanly life. If they rear children, servants and nurses do all, save to conceive and give them birth. And when reared, what are they? What do they ever amount to but weaker scions of the old stock? Who ever heard of a fashionable woman's child exhibiting any virtue or power of mind for which it became eminent? Read the biographies of our great and good men and women. Not one of them had a fashionable mother. They nearly all sprang from strong minded women, who had as little to do with fashion as with changing cloths.

WELCOMING OUR TROOPS.—On the march of Grant's army from Spottsylvania to the North Anna, at intervals of every few miles, families of negroes were gathered along the roadside, exchanging words of salutation as they passed, and grinning all over their faces. "Masses" gone away, gentlemen," was the answer in almost all cases where the query in relation to their master's whereabouts was raised. "Specs he gwain to Richmond. Dun know. He went away in a right smart hurry last night; dat's all I know." A slight of the fine, athletic, plump appearance of some of these negroes, of both sexes and all ages, would have driven a negro trader crazy, especially when he became convinced of the fact that, according to the terms of President Lincoln's proclamation, these negroes are free the moment the lines of the Union army closed in upon them. It was a pleasing spectacle, and commingled with not a little pathos, to hear the benedictions which the aged and infirm negroes poured out upon our soldiers as they marched by. "I've been waitin' for you," said an old negro, whose eyesight was almost entirely gone, and whose head was covered with the frost of some eighty-five winters. "Ah, I've been waitin' for you, gemmen some time. I knew you was comin', I heerd mass and missus folks talkin' about you," and then the old hero chuckled, and almost ground his ivory out of his head.

VARIETIES OF DEMOCRACY.—A western paper relates that Petroleum V. Nasby, a shining light in the ministry of Dr. Old's new Copperhead Church, thus sets forth the divisions in the Democratic party:

1.—Them ez would nominat Miek Lellon on a war platform.

2.—Them ez would nominat Miek Lellon on a peace platform.

3.—Them ez would nominat Vallandigham on a peace platform.

4.—Them ez would nominat Vallandigham on a war platform.

5.—Them ez would favor the war of slavery could be let alone.

6.—Them ez is opposed to the war in any shape.

7.—Them ez is in Kanady in consensens uv the draft.

8.—The betwix and betweeners, which is ashamed uv our party and ain't scotable for anny other. They are with the Democracy as the Hoosiers is with the Ick—wood like 2 get rid of it, but can't.

Punch says: "Women are said to have stronger attachments than men. It is not so. Strength of attachment is evinced in little things. A man is often attached to an old hat; but did you ever know of a woman having an attachment for an old bonnet?"—*Echo answers*—"Never!"

Kittery in 1751.

The inhabitants of Kittery in 1751 feeling themselves unjustly taxed by Massachusetts, appointed a committee of eighteen to petition the Legislature for an abatement of their heavy taxes. The strong case of poverty and worthlessness which that committee made, ought to have brought tears, or something else by way of charity, for their distressed citizens. But, unfortunately to relate, the Legislature thought that the Kittery committee had made too strong an argument in their own favor, and politely gave them leave to withdraw. The following is the material portion of the petition.

"The Township of Kittery is but about Seven Miles in length on a Strait line, and in breadth upon a Strait line about two miles and a half, in some places a little more and in some less. It is a long narrow Strip of Land, a great part unprofitable; about One Quarter part of the Lands in Said Town are not Capable of any Improvement in Husbandry. Such Mow, Rocky Ground and boggy Swamps as bear nothing to Support any useful Creatures, is not profitable for anything. Poor fishermen and Sailors and some Labourers, when there was Some Trading and business Carried on in the Town, Purchased Small house lots here and there, amongst the rocks, built Little Cottages to live in, On which lots Some may raise a bushell of Potatoes and a hundred Cabbages, and many Cannot raise so much; and those Cottages make a great part of the number of houses (so Called) throughout the Town of Kittery. Such Cottages are given in the list for Houses, in Kittery's valuation of their Estates. In the whole town are about Two Hundred and Eighty Four families or house-holders, and one quarter part of them Cannot raise one bushell of Corn, or any Sort of Grain in a Year, nor are they able to raise a Supply of any Sort of Provisions, But depend upon others for their Supply. Not one in ten through the whole Town does raise a full Sufficiency for their own families to live on the year about. Not one in thirty that Can raise any Provisions to Spare So that the Town in General Depend upon buying, but have nothing to Purchase withall, as the times now are, but what they go and work for in other Towns and places. The fishery is Divided into nothing. Not one fishing vessel in the Town Improved; the fishermen Driven to Other business and lost; leaving their poor and helpless Widows and families to the Poor for support. In a Great many of those houses is nothing but the Continual Cry of hunger, Poverty and want."

There is not any one Commodity of the Produce of the Town of Kittery Sufficient to Supply the whole Town with what is Necessary of that Particular Sort of Commodity for their own use. The Inhabitants don't make nor are they able to make one half of their own Clothing, nor raise half their bread Corn, Neither is all the Cattle annually raised in the Town Sufficient to Supply the Town with Meat.

The Town of Kittery Produces no lumber, nor any other Commodity for any Market; Not So much as one half part of what is used in the Town.

There is but one or two Merchants in the Town and their trading Cannot be anything of the Produce of the Town; but the Goods they bring to trade upon, they trust out to the Poor, many of whom never pay.

There is not three Rich men in the Town, Most all are very poor. Many are wretched and Miserable.

Kittery is the least Quantity of Land of any Town in the County.

York has more than twice the quantity of Land; Yes they have within fence and under actual improvement and very Profitable land and Salt Marshes (besides all their Common and Undivided lands) more than the whole Town of Kittery Contains both of that which is improved and unimproved lands. York Exceeds Kittery abundantly in trade, in Shipping, in building and Merchandise, more than twenty having Vessels and in all kind of Riches, Silver and Gold, in Cattle and tillage and (we think) in numbers of Men too. Especially Gentlemen, and Merchants. Moreover all the Courts in the County (Except one) are held at York, and what money is Spent in the County is Spent there, and York has the Benefit of it from every Town in the County.

Berwick was taken off from Kittery and have more than Double the Quantity of Land, and the advantages of the Mills and Lumber trade, which Kittery has not.

Wells has Excellent farms, and Lumber trade too, Seated in a Pleasant Bay for fish, A Wealthy and Carefull People, Can well Support themselves, and are as Independent as any town in the County, have about three times as much land as Kittery, and have abundance of Salt Marshes, Meadows and Cattle, and Saw-mills and timber, and near as many men as Kittery has.

Biddeford produces more Lumber to Sell, and brings more money into their Town in one Year, than all the Export from Kittery, of its own produce does, in ten Years, and have three times as much Land.

There is nothing of all this in Kittery. No Person living can Show that Kittery Does produce any one Commodity to trade upon of any Sort; but poor Widows and Orphans they have in Plenty, more than any other Town in the County. The Province Bills never Depreciated in their Value, So much as Kittery has Depreciated in its Value. It has nothing to Show but Integrity and Honesty for its Support; and Poverty for its Defence.

It is true that in times of War, Kittery was not so much exposed to danger of the Indians as any of the Other Towns in the County were; but little part of Kittery was very much Exposed, and for that reason the Town was Yearly Taxed more than what would otherwise be their Proportion of the Publick taxes. But that Extraordinary Taxation Ought not to Consider, because the reasons Assign'd for the Same now vanish and are at an end. Towns ought to pay according to their ability and advantages, which are Not always the Same.

In War times those Enjoying Most Safety ought to pay more than Others, but in times of Peace, when all are alike Safe, their Particular Trading and advantages ought to be Consider'd, and doubtless now it will.

Sale Shoals (the North half thereof) was about twenty-five Years Since Annexed to Kittery.

and a great addition to Kittery Taxes, for that Island, Though there was seldom more than ten or fifteen Persons ratable there, and they were all poor, had about three or four Small boats for fishing, and they never paid half the rates and Taxes that was added to the Town, upon the account of their being annexed to Kittery; and besides that, as Soon as they were Joyn'd to Kittery, Several poor families came from thence to the town for Support, which cost the town more money than all the rates and taxes, that ever the Sale Shoals paid to Kittery, Exclusive of the Charges since their being so annexed. So that all that ever the town paid on 'hat account, every year Since their being Joyn'd to Kittery, is utterly lost, and the Place wholly unprofitable to the town. For Several Years past, the Sale Shoals has paid no taxes at all, though the town was taxed for them every year."

